Love's Promise

"I will come back." Love cried; "I will come back;" And there where he had passed lay one bright track.

Dreamlike and golden as the moonlit sea.

Between the pine wood's shadow, tall and

"I will come back," Love cried. Ah mel Love will come back. He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait; Though it is evening now, and cold and late, And I am weary watching here so late, A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate— For Love who is so fair, and swift, and

I wait, I wait. . He will come back-come back, though he de He will come back—for in old years and days
He will come back—for in old years and days
He was my playmate. He will not forget.
Though he may linger long amid new ways
He will bring back, with barren sweet regre
Old years and days.

Hush! on the lonely hills Love comes again; But his young fect are marked with many a stain. The golden haze has passed from his fair And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain;
And it is night. O Love—Love—enter now!
Remain! remain!

# MAJOR JOHN BRINDON.

Major John Brindon, member of the Arkansaw Historical society, was re-quested to read a paper relative to the days of the code within the memory of men now living. The major cheerfully responded in the following.

Arkansaw had been a state some te years when I became one of her citizens was a very ambitious young man. De voted study had failed to win for me; name of any distinction in the east so in this wild country, I was determined to make a living if nothing else. Knowing nothing of the state, I had no particular point in view, but mounted on a good horse, I struck out for some place to suit my fancy. One evening, when the winter's sun, losing his glare just above the tree tops, sank down like a ball of dull fire, I stopped at a large double log house. The surroundings spoke of refinement. The yard was a perfect wilderness of shrubs and flowers, and the fields lying adjacent bore evidences

of a fine state of cultivation.
"Get down, sir; get down," said polite old gentleman, coming out to the "Here, Abram, take the gentleman's horse. Come in and have

The room into which he ushered me was large and comfortable. The furniture was old fashioned, and as I held out my hands to the blaze, I wondered how the great old brass andirons had escaped the cannon moulder in the early days of the American revolution. My host, I soon learned, was Judge Blake, an eminent jurist of that day. When I old him that I had come to practice law, his face beamed with pleasure.

"Young and ambitious, of course," id he. "Well, I shall not discourage you. We have need of youth and ambition in a country like this. The ability that would often go unrecognized in an older state, many times meets with brilliant success in a country where ora tory has a peculiar charm and where logic, although an audience may be uneducated, finds an appreciative convic tion. Let me introduce my wife and

I arose and bowed to a pleasant middle-aged lady and a girl of surprising

"Mr. Brindon will remain over night with us," said the judge. "Houses are scarce in this section, my dear sir," turning to me. "My wife brings the welcome news indeed to me, for I have, as no doubt has been the case with you, ridden several miles to day. At the table, the young lady whom

they called Jassamine, sat opposite me. I had ample opportunity for studying her face, at first a pleasure and then a fascination. She would occasionall steal a glance at me, and my eyes, fall ing, would rest on the cold roast of a bear into which my appetite, despite my admiration, was making something of an incision. After supper we sat around the log fire. I found Jassamine to be proud and well educated, though she did not affect that super-refinement which prompts so many young people to despise their surroundings.

"If you are going to practice law,' said the judge, "I don't know of a bet ter place than this. Our county seat is about four miles from here. It much of a village, but its legal business is large. The letters of recommenda tion which you have shown me"which I had shown too, rather proudly-"will admit you into the best society The one from Judge King should be treasured as a precious document. am going to town te-morrow, and you desire it, will assist you in lo-

I thanked him warmly, I fancies Jassamine's eyes rested on me in ap-

The village was indeed small, but, as the judge said, there was a future before There was evidently not much of a past behind it. The court-house and jail were log structures, very much alike in appearance. I thought. The business houses were small, and seemed to be filled up with the skins of anifew, but after much persuasion, I found room with the county clerk. A boarding-house was the next question. This was even more difficult than finding an

"Young man," said the judge, "if you don't mind the distance, you can board at my house and ride in every

I was delighted, and shook the judge with a tight grasp of gratitude. I was anxious to know what Jassa mine would think, whether or not she would like the itlea of admitting a board er, and especially if she would like the thought of my being the boarder. That evening I found her alone in the sitting Her face showed no surprise room. when I told her.

"I hope you have no objections," said I, disappointed. "I? Why should I have? Whatever father does is right.'

"Don't you get very tired of living here in the woods?"

"Oh, I suppose we all get tired living anywhere. It is the wind rather that the abode that makes life agreeable.' "Then," said I, in an attempt at com pliment, "life should be agreeable to you for you have more mind-thanmore mind than-" "Abode?" she immediately

gested. Finding that I could not finish the sentence as I had intended, I dropped it; and catching up a handful of little nothings, discussed them. While we were talking, a footstep aroused Jassamine, and I fancied she changed color. She went to the door and said "good evening," in a cordial voice. A man entered. She introduced him as Dr. Gray. I did not like him. I thought that he rather overdid the work of smiling. Every time Jassamine said : word, he would turn to her and smile. He did not smile at me but two or three times, for I frowned at him. After this he grinned at me in a cold, merci-

"Have you been here long?" asked of me when Jassamine had left "No."

'Sort of a lawyer, ch?"

"I am a student of the law." "I am a kind of a doctor," said he. "If you ever need my services, call on

"I hope that I shall never need you. Probably not, but in a country like this a smart chap never knows how soon he may need a physician.

"Sir: said i, arising. "Be seated. Supper is not ready. No. he doesn't know how soon he may need a doctor. Such a peculiar atmosphere and turning his n this country," face full upon me he grinned like a

possum. "The other day," he continued. had to fill a smart young man full of stitches. Lawyer, too, I believe. Kept foolin' around a knife. Yes, sir, they need a doctor every now and then

Don't forget me; sir, in case you should get hurt. "Sir, I am not a ruffian."

"Oh, no, of course not. The ruffians don's get hurt. Only the smart young men-lawyers, mainly. Strange, isn't "I do not care to talk to you sir.

"It's only through politeness that am talking to you. The physician's business is to carve rather than to court a I sprang to my feet in a rage. then Jassamine entered.

"What is the matter, gentlemen!" she exclaimed. "Oh, nothing," replied the doctor.
"This young Bacon wants to fight. I have not thought much of the subject but I will consider it. Chancellor, turning to me, "my friend will call or

"For what purpose?" "To make suitable arrangements, my dear chancellor."

"To fight a duel?" "Yes to arrange a mild encounter. "I will not accept," I exclaimed. "I am no shot, while you doubtless are."

"I will give you time to practice—or, perhaps you prefer the sword. choice of weapons, you know, my dear chief justice, will be left entirely with

"I will not accept. I was taught to look upon the code as an arrangement "Then it will be my painful duty to

post you as a coward. "You are right. It will be a painfull duty. "What will the jurist do?"

"If you refer to me, I can tell you. He will beat you with his fist-beat you within an inch of your life." "That is the way cowards fight." "It is the way cowards meet with

just punishment. Jassamine, without excitement, stood regarding us. "You certainly do not refuse to fight him?" she said turning to me. "I will fight him in a civilized way,

I replied. "Yes," he suggested, "and with the weapons of a brute."

I could no longer stand his taunt-With a blow which he did not expect I knocked him down. Jassamine screamed, but by the time the judge and his wife had run into the room, had given the doctor what the men in the east would have called a sound threshing. I soon learned that the doctor bore

the name of a desperate character. He had fought several duels. I expected that he would post me as a coward, and he did so, but he kept out of my The people, I saw, attached way. great importance to what they terme the defense of honor. No matter ho promptly a man resented an insult and mocked the other down, he was not to be taken into the fold of brave men unil he had shown his willingness to burn dangerous powder. When anyone reproached me for not fighting the or, I attempted to laugh it off, but to my sorrow I found it was a serious

"He would have killed me." I said one day to an acquaintance who sat in

"Presumably," he replied. "Well, then, do you suppose I want o be killed?" "Of course not, but what is life un

less it is honorable?" ou mean that since I have re fused to fight a duel with that desperate man, my life is no longer honorable? "The fact that people do think you have acted dishonorably, you cannot

"I don't believe that Judge Blake thinks so.

"But I warrant you that Miss Jass My blood tingled; my face burned "Why should she pay any attention to the unfortunate affair?"

"I don't suppose she pays any more attention to it than she can help. Gray oves her, and regards you as a rival."
"But good Lord!" I exclaimed, "she annot love him?"

"I don't know. Stranger surmise have proved to be true. Miss Jassamine is rather a peculiar girl. You cannot tell by her actions. Once, I thought could, confound it. I thought she leved me. When I asked her, though, sh old me confidentially that she did not As I rode home, I tried to recall Jassa mine's looks and expressions since the doctor had challenged me, but comparing them with her previous actions, could detect no change. I could dis-guise it from myself no longer. I loved the girl. As I neared the house, I say her walking along the path toward : large spring that flowed from the foo of the hill. I tied my horse and joine

her. I shall never forget the golder light of that evening, falling on her hair. I made numerous experiment in trying to work myself to where I could suddenly break off and make a declaration of my love, but my tongue was not eloquent. My was a fire, but its flues were choked Finally, with a desperate effort I said

"Miss Jassamine, I love you!" She stopped, looked at me calmly and eplied: 'You have made a mistake, replied: naven't you?"

"Oh, no, how could I make a take? How could anyone make a mis-take in loving you?" "I don't know, but I do know that did make a mistake in loving you. Keep away from me. No, you shall not take my hand. I loved you once be cause I thought you were brave and chivalrous. I suppose if Gray had in-sulted me you would have refused his

"I would have killed him on the "Very likely. No, Mr. Brindon, is useless to talk to me of love. I can not marry a man who refuses a chal-

challenge?

How can one so fair be so blood thirsty?' "It is not blood-thirstiness. It is love

"You are a curious girl.

evening." Late one evening Jassamine and were strolling in the woods not far from her father's house. I had not spoken to her of love since the time of her refusal. I knew that she would

never alter her decision, for I could read determination in every expression of her face. "Let us return. We have walked far "No, let us go to the brow of the hill and look down on the river."

enormous log. Each man wore a mask. Jassamine tremblingly grasped my "What do you want?" I demanded drawing a brace of pistols.

I had scarcely finished the remark

when four men sprang from behind an

"We have come after that woman! enlied one of the men. Raising both pistols I fired in rapid accession. The rascals fired at me but luckily their shots took no effect Jassamine fainted, just as the ruffians closed upon me in a hand-to-hand enounter. When she regained conso

ness, the rumans had gone. She looked up gratefully, and when I supported her in my arms, she placed her head on my breast. Ah, delightful moment of victory and love.

"I have judged you hastily." said, as we drew near the house. "Your bravery surpasses anything I had ever I kissed her.

The entire country rang with my praises. There were no sensational daily papers in those days, or I would been indeed a far-famed hero. The judge took me warmly by the hand when I told him how I loved Jassamine and said:

"You have made a noble fight, my boy. When you presented those letters of recommendation, I knew that you were generous and brave, even though others thought differently. I have for sometime known that Jassamine you, but I knew that with her foolish ideas of chivalry, she would not marry ou after your refusal of the challenge inless you could do something to re leem yourself."

### A Missouri Methuselah.

Macon county, Missouri, can boast of man who was 18 years old when Sir Moses Montefiore was born-and has not been given a celebration either. His name is Robert Gibson. He lives with his son, two miles southeast of College Mound, and is described as "rather small of size, can get about the house and go out in the yard, sit at the table and eat without help." He was not a soldier in the war of 1812being too old to perform military duty at that time. He drank a good deal of whisky in his early days, but finding that the habit was growing on him. abandoned it, and has been a tectotaler ever since. He has chewed tobacco for sixty years, and "does not think it hurts him." He does not know when he was born, as the family record was lost long ago; but, putting this and that together, it is made out that ne first saw the light in the year 1766, in Randolph county, North Carolina, moved with his father to Kentucky at an early day, and came from that State o Missouri, in 1830. He has been married twice, and has sixteen children, twelve of whom are living. He has 150 direct descendants, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. .. ouis Republican.

# ABOUT DIVORCES.

Why Women Figure Most Frequently

"About two out of three of all the divorce suits brought are instituted by said a prominent lawyer, and the causes for it are numerous and curious. You wouldn't think, now, that women would have more of the aggressive spirit and pluck necessary to go through with divorces than men. out they have. Most people are apt to imagine that men are the ones to bring their troubles into court; that they are by nature likely to choose a bold surgical treatment, as it were, and get the marital troubles ended completely. It is easy to picture a timid woman cowring at the thought of lawyers and courts, and preferring anything to the publicity of the Common Pleas. But all that is sentiment and exactly contrary to all experience. It is the men who shrink from the divorce courts.'

"How is that?" was asked. "First of all," explained the lawyer, there is the question of expense, which to a man in moderate circumstances neans a great deal. When a man brings a divorce-suit he does so with his eyes open to the fact that he will not only have to pay the fees and expenses of the lawyer retained by him, but also the counsel employed by his upon a separation, if she has any good reason for it, she has the comforting conviction that it is going to cost her nothing. In four cases out of five. where the woman is the plaintiff, the counsel exacts, say, a preliminary fee of \$25, and it is on the distinct understanding that, in the event of the apolication being successful and the husband being mulcted in costs, the mon ey is returned to her. So you see that in the financial aspect of the question the woman is at an advantage.

"Then," the lawver went on, "th woman feels he, wrongs much more than the man. Mr. Blank bears th situation sullenly, but very well. When he leaves the house in the morning he bangs the door spitefully after him, an in a few moments is wrapped up in the thousand and one interests of the day Now, Mrs. Blank hears that spitefu door-bang and broods over it, and is mad all the morning because she can't reply to it. The house is her world nd everything about it suggests Mr Blank, and, of course, unhappiness. Now, Blank is a devil-may-care sort of a fellow. He gets drunk at his club, and comes home or stays away just as he thinks fit. The world says nothing When he feels mad he can go to his home, break up the furniture, and swear at his wife until he gets tired, and then can rush out of the front door. But when his wife is aggravated an feels like annoying Blank, where is he? That's the question! In all probability he is having a rollicking time out some

"Now what does all this lead to?" h continued, energetically. "Well, I'll tell you. The woman soon begins to seek for sympathy among her femining friends, and she gets it every time don't want you to make any mistake about that. This sympathy-seeking is responsible for half the marital litigation. It doesn't take long for the lady to magnify her troubles, and then he friends make a martyr out of her and cause her to believe that she is the most interestingly ill-used being on earth while in all probability she is nothing of the kind. This ends, sooner or later, in a visit to the divorce lawyer, and that settles the business. A man doesn't go and relate his troubles to his friends as a woman does. If he did the proportion of masculine and feminine plaintiffs would be more even. It is he custom of the husband to let confiiences about domestic matters severe y alone, and so he doesn't receive any idvice which would bring him within

the grasp of the legal profession. "Most of the divorce suits brought nowadays are for the absolute annulling of the marriage. The courts have greatly discountenanced divorces with alimony. In cases where the husband has to pay the wife's counsel the fee allowed by the court is \$35 and \$50

That's nothing, though, compared with a case I know of, where a husband some years ago obtained a divorce from the Legislature. He was rich, and it cost him \$150,000. One member there, he told me, got \$10,000 to vote for the bill. Seven months after the passage of the act the divorced wife died, and the husband didn't give up kicking himself for a year. His free dom had cost him just \$21,428.50 per month. He had imagined that his wife was going to live for years. Nowa-days the Legislature can't grant divorces for causes that would justify the victim in applying to the courts."

Shanda Singh, a blind student of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, is a prodigy from the outer circle demanded angrily He cannot read or write, but possesses such a strong memory as to be repeat all his text books, English, Persian or Urdu, by rote, and to work out sums in arithmetic with remarkable rapidity.

With petals of pink lightly curling and fair, Shading softly away into clear amber there-Breathing up in my face, that is rapt bending A fragrance more sweet than e'er dreamed of detection.

Only a rose? Who save me knows

The message hid safe 'neath those petals euried light

Seen only by me—by me only read right?
Thy colors are rare as the dawn-tints of Ji
Ere the sun rising, quenches the light of And thy breath sweeter far than the breath To her love, ere on his, her pure, sweet lips are laid.

Thou art come from a hand, O! treasure of mine, Whose lightest touch thrills, like a breaker of wine.
Only a rose!
December snows
Are silently falling, and clouds dark to see
Are bending. I heed them not sweet, sooing
thee.

Only a rose
That fading goes.
The beauty a thing of the past soon to be?
No! No! for the thought that was given with Shall live—live forever—dost hear me, my

never goes.

Only a rose?

Sweetest that grows!

The mystery hid 'neath thy petals so frail
Shall still, still endure, when thou'rt scentless and pale.

I kiss thee close—close—thou art more than a Though what, how, or why, I can never dis-

## -Ada Iddings Gale.

GIPSY AND QUEEN. "Blessed is the life of the solitary, for they live under the protection of

The beatitude in question, if thus it may be termed—why not call it simply "blessing?"-is quoted from one of the very oldest litanies, still employed. however, occasionally, in the ritual of

the Greek Church. The words in question still rang plaintively, and also dreamily, in the ears of the dark Muscovitish woman, now wending her way silently on-

ward. She had heard them only that morning chanted—although in Sclavonic, as a matter of course—in that curiously ancient church in Moscow-that called "The Little Ascension" -- occupying small circumscribed corner at the lower end of the Chernichefsky Perevuloh and they had not ceased to haunt her wellnigh ever since. Why? it may be Perhaps she, too, was alone, as are

so many other women in this wide, however beautiful, world. Alone—as God and themselves alone know how. Only that He helps such. Have not the words already been sung. and also placed above, that He protects

them? road lying immediately past the spac-ious barracks by the side of which the senry duly kept his patrol, pacing up and down resolutely, as if already stoutly resolved that no foe whatever, whether in the shape of Turk or anything else, hould, at any rate during his special reign, invade the garrison.
She had turned sharply to the right,

quitted, as it seemed, with a sense of een relief, the wellnigh scorching, illpaved way, and glanced wistfully and gratefully toward the broad and sparking river, now lying all at once within The burning heat had indeed bid fair

throughout the course of the day to enervate and weaken every onede" as well as now emancipated serf yet tenauting "holy Moscow Yes, this was freedom indeed. Here in, also, was a sense of blessed-how

earnestly desired-rest. The woman liked the picture well this fact was only too self-evident, for hot tears rushed into her eyes; nor did she apparently deem it needful to drive them back whence they came. Thank God! She was free at last;

but also the counsel employed by his alone, too, by the side of the calm, wife. Now, when a woman resolves beautiful, oh! how untroubled, water. "Wait, Galoubtchik!" -the be taken literally, of endearment, only that it is applied somewhat indiscrimi nately. In a fashion, too, that at times is curious and alike inexplicable, toward rich and poor, old and young; whilst dealing, too, in not rebuke or in

high disputation.
The Muscovite woman, whose course we are now following, had already chosen her path; passed by several o the monstrous clusters of cleverly and artistically piled-up logs,lying ready for sale here, as in how many other direc tions of the, if once seen, never-to-be forgotten Moskva River.

She now, however, turned back ruptly, as if aroused from some diffiult, horrible dream "Well?" This question sternly and

uestioningly. It was only the eczvostchik who spoke the driver of the drosky which had served to transport her to these, the very western, although not the most aristocratic, regions of Moscow. But what makes this fact?

"I will glance at it once more," exclaimed Natalie Alexandrevna, haught ly and yet brokenly, glancing steadil and earnestly at a miniature cross, richly enameled, which she nov emoved from a velvet case; the last time. Sold me, did he? And that in spite of my beauty—the beauty which God in heaven above had given ne! For eash, too-as if I had

cattle!" • The next moment her face had sud denly blanched. Was it a spirit that stood before her—or what? A figure had crossed over swiftly-from hiding it might wellnigh be supposed amongst ome of those marvelous piles of wood and stood exultantly facing her. He blocked her path, and she had

fallen helplessly-senselessly-at feet. A quarter of a century ago, however, this the scene. Listen, then. "Yes, foot it bravely, Galoubtchik We all like to see you dance."

The child obeyed-danced on and or

but, oh, how wearily! No task so difficult as feigning gayety then the heart is in reality heavy, and the young limbs are in reality alike weary. Only that such a task has to e accomplished sometimes. An old crone now came forward in

Russian gypsy attire, her head enveloped in a monstrous, dirty crimson coton kerchief, her coat more greasy than can ever be described. A witch-like face, too, and a witch-

like mind. What worse! "You dance disgracefully to-night, you little ne'er-do-well. "Oh, I do?" Ah how wearily it once regretfully spoken. Surely the girl was even sorry for

erself, and surely also made for better

things than this! It seemed so

The fire burned brightly in the cen ter of that gypsy encampment. The best part, because the most festive portion of the entire day-if the evening hours might thus be termed-was now Around the fire "crooned' lazily, but evidently to their hearts' delight and at their utmost case. the women-hags most of them-belonging to the gypsy crew. Their suppose occupation at present was in watching the large cauldron of delicious soup suspended mid-air above the burning ogs. The smell of the same was most enticing and it was scarcely to be wondered at that more than one deep voice

from time to time when supper would be ready? The men around lay for the most part idly, and also smoking prodigious ly, upon the green sward-rather amongst the furzes growing in all di-

tive work fell in their path was accomplished either in the afternoon or in the dead of night, when others slept, and pranks and raids were therefore dealt more easily, and with less chance of

recreation, and the chief amusement indulged in by them was watching the girl Natalie dance—sy, dance by the ur at a time.

If she was tired, they, on the contrary, were never. They never dreamt of such a state of things. It would have Such an incident as that just named was of actual occurrence. been too ridiculous.

"That girl, it would seem, has forgotten her art to-night," chimed in a a rough-looking fellow. "She deserves more work and less play, by far. You've spoilt her, hag-made too much of fine lady of her. Who is Natalie, should like to know?-a waif-a miser able stray. That's all, Mother Hirsch."
"That's all indeed," muttered Moth-Beauty fades—but love—love, coming once, er Hirsch between her teeth, hulf-an-

grily; but her growling was quickly broken in upon. "Let the girl alone. Mother Hirschand you also, Ishmael. You owe her many and many a turn, all of you-you seem to forget that. There! ashamed of you," and he looked around angrily-scowlingly. "Come here, Na-

The girl addressed came, trembling-

"You called me, Petrovi?" "Yes, child. Sit there. Don't mind them. You are too beautiful for that.

spoke.

How wearily, and yet gratefully, the girl glanced toward him. She had thrown herself meanwhile full length upon the green sward near ever known-the only one, in fact, that she could ever remember, and her heart throbbed madly, even as he

'Thank you," she whispered, "you are always kind." "Nonsense!" he blurted out, uncere moniously. "You're better than the rest, a thousand times. You please my fancy, child-have always done so Some day-" He paused. "Some day? Yes. What then!

Some day?" "Some day, then," and the man's roice was itself again-quite steady and gruff-"you'll marry me, Natalie Pime shall yet see you queen and mis tress of our gypsy camp. Natalie!" came the next minute, in amazed fash-ion—"child—gir!! I scarcely know what to call you! What's amiss?" She had suddenly started to her feet

ly, like one whose heart was indeed all, and yet whose mouth wholly lack ed words for speech.

He watched her, almost savagely. "Speak! You know the penalty

and stood there, mutely and imploring

Speak! How could she, with her eart still trembling so mercilessly? He had now seized her by the arm ery roughly. 'Speak!

"I will say whatever you please. Pe rovi—anything." The words came passionately, earnestly, and yet simply. "Anything that I please, ay?" "I have already said so.

"And you are not afraid of me?" "Afraid? Yes; horribly. He looked astonished, and then scow d the more.

"A man fit to scare one, indeed!" Mother Hirsch had frequently been heard to sav. Did the girl think so too? "You understood the words I said

Vatalie?" She bent her head now almost as she had already been a little queen. He did not know what now to make "You hate me?" "Hate you! No. How could I?"

"What then?" "I'll marry you." He, too, now started udden amazement. "I'll marry you," she whispered now as if in this moment afraid even of her self and her own words.

"I'll be their queen," came proudly

He kept her to her word as year went on-did this Petrovi. And so the years went on. "And I am now his wife-the wife she beat her breast now savagely, even as she spoke-"of Michel Alexan-drovitch. His friend-our friend, in fact; Petrovi's chosen companion. The

bargain, too, made without my own

consent—without my knowledge even. Sold secretly!—and amid the hours of

darkness-for twenty roubles! Bah!" "Incredible!" she pursued, presently. 'I loved him, too-Petrovi-madly. Have loved him ever since I can remember. Was grateful to him as only a child can be who has one day drop ped into existence, as it might seem. from the very clouds themselves, and like the dove of old, found no rest for the 'sole of her foot.' Ah, yes, I loved nim madly, though he did not know i then. He thought at first I hated him -must hate him, like I hated all the rest. I liked him even for his rough ness. I did not know that he would ever scorn me in the years to come. did not know that even beauty could not keep him—that even money—a

paltry sum, too-was worth far more to him than Natalie's dark eyes, which he once praised. "Sold me!" she muttered again, an grily, impatiently-"and all for self. A olden cross-enameled richly-was the bribe offered for my compliance, It mattered little whether I accepted it or not. Petrovi would never have brooked refusal had I risen in rebellion and declared that I would never suffer that upon which in these latter days be had so cruelly set his heart. Never. Rather he would have killed me first I vielded, therefore. The dark-eved gypsy girl loved the old Petrovi far too

well ever thus to mar his happiness. How could she?" And only the darkening shadows of vening-and the angels who were listening, softly-knew or even divined the storm of anguish and bitterness, and also self-contempt, which in this

hour filled the woman's soul. Surely her heart must break. Only that hearts in this world ar not so easily broken; and women-and men, too—God knows it!—rise bravely and defiantly above such blows; dare even to forget them.

Better, perhaps, far, that they should. "But it shall only be for to-day," ame again resolutely and defiantly. No longer. Not a single hour. loved him madly. Another man's wife, even though it be his bidding! Impossible! God help me-save me from such a fate!" What would she do?

What dared she do? we ask againthis passionately-loving, worshipping, and yet now deserted, woman. Only she mused, as other women how many, too, had done before her.

The hours were passing on-how swiftly. Surely they were numbered. And then, in the fastly passing hours

of evening, the end was coming She had just reached the that beautiful Moshva River. We have, however, already seen her there—in all her splendid, glorious sense of freedom; in all her sense, too, of self-contempt, how strong.

Such words, indeed, we heard her whisper long ago. For present peace, indeed, she thanked them, and also dared-so vauntingly and recklesslyso blasphemously, too-to offer thanks

Too sad. 100 sad. impossible, it seems, but nevertheless true And God in heaven saw it all, and knew it.

The man stood angrily before her-Petrovi himself. "Why are you here?" he asked. Lovers did clasp, and there were funerals.

Men laughed, and wept, and their own shad
chased— She still lay crouching on the ground. There came no warning of the final day.

He sought to raise her-lifted her by the arm; more softly, far, than he had Hurried the hours, the sun plunged to his done one evening in the long past, rest, Drenching the West in blood! Outsprang the when she, a gypsy girl, had heard, for stars.

But changed their aspect for the grief divine.
The god-like pity of their golden eyes
Was gone, and each became a sneer of fire!
The Even was afraid, and there did come
A paralyzing terror in the air. the first time, he loved her. She shrank away. How could

bear such touch! "We struck a bargain, Natalie remember? "A bargain, truly."
Ah, the bleached face which A horrid roaring of the brazen East!
And, like a lightning-sandaled Hell, the fire,
The avenging fire, rushed round the recreaglobe!

gazed into his. What did its story And then, the next moment, she had flung the glittering trinket from herthe trinket, in shape and image, sym-

bolical of better, higher things

A rush-a splash; and the tale was A rush—a spraw, all told out. How quickly.

Was it indeed possible that thus Was it indeed possible that thus her love was ended! He, too, had quickly made a vow on seeing all.

And she had darted from him medly.

shons,
And all the Universe was peace and joy!
For Discord is Time's fliegithmate,
But Concord, daughter of Ecceptry.
—Franklin E. Duston. "Natalie! my wife-my darling gypsy-girl! I give you once again roth. I buy you back again. No answer from amidst the waters. He called now, madly, frantically.

The tide rushed on, indifferently; laved now his very feet. His gypsy-wife was sleeping on its breast-at rest. The rest for which she had so often craved in childish days.

### FOR MOTIVE POWER.

Keely Rivaled by a Pennsylvania Inver An inventor of considerable genius is

stopping at the Central Hotel in this His name is John T. Dysart, and he is from Shippenville, Clarion County, Pa. Within three years past he has procured patents on fourteen invenions, most of which are for the use of natural and artificial gas. He has spent much time in the natural gas regions of Pennsylvania, and, making the uses, resources, and improvements of the wonderful fuel a special study, he says the adoption of the mysterious fluid capable of vast possibilities, only being n its infancy now.

"There is no reason why it cannot b used for motive power," he said. "Compare its tremendous force with that of steam, and it is wonderful. eities it could be piped into the cylin-ders of stationary engines, and would run them just as well as steam. Up at my workshop in Clarion County I quently attach the natural gaspipe to my steam-pump, and it operates it suc essfully. "Other gases are capable of use for

motive power," he continued. "Re I constructed a model railros cently in my house, and had built for it a little locomotive. I generated a certain kind of gas, and, with the laboratory in the engine-cab, applied the fuel successfully. That engine ran like a top Of course, it was only on a small scale but I could have done the same with any large locomotive. Had I had time to perfect my work, three months later I should have had a gas laboratory in the cab of a freight locomotive Would such a locomotive haul a train of cars? Well, I should say it would. process I would have been able to pro duce a pressure of 1,000 pounds in five minutes. Of course, you understand, it was not a gas to burn that I had, but a gas generated for the purpose of pow er only. That pressure would be suffi cient to pull the heaviest freight train. A man of inventive mind has to contend with a great difficulty, and that is when he is at work on one contrivance or studying out some one idea others will suggest themselves, and in them he original idea. That is how I happened to let my locomotive run down.

"You have no idea of inventing a rival to Keely's motor, have you?" laughingly suggested the reporter.
"Not at all," replied Mr. Dysart good-naturedly, "but I have paid some little attention to a theory I think throws Keely's motor far out into the shade. Let me tell you about it. A few years ago, when I lived in Ohio, I was visited by Prof. Tice, the noted weather prophet. He found much in terest in a collection of some 5,000 mineral specimens which I have, and while talking about them exhibited to me a twig of the osage orange plant. It was perfectly white and shriveled. He had taken it from a hedge in Illinois, in a region that had been swep by terrible thunder-storms and torna does. I asked how the thing had whit ened and shriveled up, and his explana

tion was that the whole osage orange hedge had been left in that condition the lightning entering the plants, expanding the sap, bursting the branches and leaving them sapless. The dead plants were not injured, there being no ap to affect. "The circumstance started a train o inquiry in my mind. Investigating the subject I found that the power of water is capable of being expanded some 4. 347 parts by electricity. Now, there is my theory in a nutshell. Instead of generating steam in a locomotive or stationary engine, introduce a powerful electric disturbance in the water and you will have a motive power vastly greater than steam. It will require eep study, for years perhaps, to strike just the right amount of each element to bring together. At first your force would either be too powerful or too weak. The man who finds the medium

the future."—Pillsburg Commercial Ga The Bell of the Highlands.

will make a fortune. I am going to

devote some more of my time to it in

The mysterious ringing of a bell in the vicinity of the Highlands, on the

Hudson River, is thus accounted for by

an old boatman: I was worried in my mind for a month before Saturday night. Almost every night when we passed through the Highlands, near the Storm King, we would hear a bell ring. Sometimes it seemed to come from the mountain top, sometimes near the base, and now and then we would hear the tinkle overhead. We compared notes and couldn't decide on the cause of it, but the mys tery has been cleared up. Somebody has lost a big American eagle. The bird flew through the streets of Cornwell last Saturday with a steel collar around its neck, to which was attached a goodsized bell, and the bell rang every time the eagle swooped out of its course. The hunters are trying to catch the bird alive. They wouldn't kill it for the world, because they are supersti-tious, and believe if they should shoot it there would be no luck in the future. I have no doubt lots of boatmen have heard that bell in the night, the same as I have.

A temperance jecturer in London has given recently some curious statistics in regard to the amount expended in intoxicating liquor. He estimated the annual average thus spent in the last ten years at \$720,000,000. This gives an expenditure of \$60,000,000 every month, of \$15,000,000 every week, and of \$25 every second, night and day. There are 3,508,480 letters in the Bible and if \$205 were placed on every letter it would represent the annual expenditure. The grain consumed by the brewers and distillers is sufficient to provide four loaves of bread per week to every family in the United Kingdon These certainly are startling facts.

The Burning of the World.

Rich provinces were shriveled as if leaves!

shrieks:
The emerald Andes of the ocean writhed Above the clouds in their green agony.

roasting nations robed the earth

But all was over soon. The radiant earth, A ghastly cinder, a stupendous coal, Wandered upon its ancient path. And theu The bright orbs sparkled, and the great sur

BILL NYE AS A LAWYER.

His Principal Reason For Abandoning the

Legal Profession.

some years ago I was a member of the

is true, and if so, why I abandoned the

West, for a short time, in a very quiet

kind of way. After a few months, how-ever, I abandoned my lucrative prac-

amie City postoffice. During my brief but tempestuous career as an attorney

1 paid out \$120 for rent, and drew

chattel mortgage, which I was never

paid for, as near as I am able to judge.

den death of my client. When a young

lawyer has assiduously sat and looked

and a client comes in and shows signs.

of entrusting business to him, there

springs up at once between the two a

warm friendship. Such was the case with me. A middle-aged gentleman

came into my office one day and said

he had been referred to me by a party in town, and asked me if I had leisure

to attend to him. I said that I would

poor young lawyer, and Kitchen had told him that I was about the poorest

lawyer he knew of, so that he had

I saw at once that he was a shrewd

ousiness man, and I did all I could to

please him. He was delighted with

the promptness with which I had done

the work, and said he would have more

for me to do very soon, as he had pur-

chased the controlling interest in a sil-

ver mine over at Jelm mountain. On

went down town and bought a half-ton

I then opened a set of double entry books, which I still retain, and which

are almost as good as new. I had just got my new client fairly on the books

when he was killed by falling down a

shaft a distance of two hundred feet in

a perpendicular direction. I then said

that the practice of law was invested

with too much sorrow and sadness for

me; I could not endure the constant

which an active practice demanded. I

sold my "Revised Statues" to a new

notary public at Last Chance, and gave

my other law books to a warm person-

al friend. Having thus disposed of my library, I retired from the practice

of the profession by taking down my

of the pest-house at the close of a beau-

tiful summer day. There is nothing

al business so quickly as a course like

this-if you have a flood to dam, and

enough of that. A young lawyer may

be ever so popular and overworked— no matter; he can move his library to

a small-pox hospital, and in a week he

will have all the physical relaxation and

So, like the swift flash of a brilliant

meteor across a black sky I flashed

through the heavens, lighting up the

wide realms of space, and then disap-peared forever. With thousands of

other people to select from, death

sought out the only client I ever had,

and gathered him in. With the world

full of the aged and sick, to say noth-

ing of Chinamen and Indians not taxed,

the grim reaper struck his sickle into

a man in whom I felt a wonderful in-

terest. No one knows who has not

seen his sole client cut down before his

face the great sorrow that settles down

upon the heart at such a time. How

lonely my office seemed after that; how

still it seemed. I could not endure it.

I at once abandoned the profession to

Contrary to my fears, however, it soon rallied. Young blood entered in-

to the practice, and in three months

after I had turned the key in my of-

fice door one would hardly notice that

profession had been squelched, and a

clarion voice that had always rung out

for eternal justice and equity, at sc

I was a clear-headed and cool but

normally conservative attorney. I was

but in my gross receipts. I saw at once that I could not afford to pay

forty dellars per month rent and de-pend upon a book account of two dol-

may say that I am passionately fond of

the study and practice of law, I felt

most keenly the ostracism and the de-

pressing isolation which it seemed to

HISTORIC CITIES.

A Bird's-Eve View of Some of the Cities Far

mous in Story and Song.

an Oriental maiden attracted to the

sandy shore of the Mediterranean to

barter her spices, silks, mats, with in-fidel, concluding to remain there and

Jaffa lifts up her head from a rocky

cliff, and with one hand salutes the

Mediterranean, and with the other wel-

comes the caravans from Damascus and

Jerusalem. Jerusalem is still the child

of faith, dwelling where little grows,

where there is naturally little trade, or

commerce, or manufacturing; drawing

her supplies mysteriously from the

rocks and the skies; yet different races,

different religions, different civilizations

believe in her, and huddle together

about her, awaiting something that

Jerusalem, sitting alone on the rocky

Alexandria sits demurely by the sea,

much per equity, had ceased to

not only conservative in my

lars and a half to offset it.

engender .- Courier-Journal.

wander no more.

does not appear.

future by faith.

so recently a bright light in the

its fate.

brate.

that will dam up the flood of profession

wish to have it dammed quickly;

intellectual repose he wants.

come right to me.

of coal.

out of his office window

My principal reason, however, for

oning the profession was the sud-

for two months

tice to accept the portfolio of the

It is true that Idid practice law in the

A dear friend in Pennsylvania writes

teeming population, and sitting in The morning clomb the east as young as queenly robes, with her feet in the when Adam and Eve, pure as their Paradise, Did hail its advent with their orisons. Pleets were upon the occans, armies for And countless marts sent up their smo sands of the desert of the Hanron, amid mosques and minarets, and robed men, smoking the nargileh on divans, or by playing fountains or cooling

streams. Beirut, standing proudly on a penin sula-shaped headland on one side of a beautiful crescent bay, is the commercial or moral mistress of Syria, sending the currents of life up the French highway to Damascus, as the heart sends

blood through the artery to the head. Smyrna is the mistress of two ages and civilizations, reposing on a quiet plateau by the sea, welcoming the commerce of the West, guarding the grave of Polycarp and the manners and forms

of the East. Constantinople at a distance is the slightest of the cities, but on approaching near you see she wears a mask, and behind that mask you perceive restlessness, discontent, perfidy and

sullen waiting for revolutionary chaos. Athens is the bride of the cities. She holds in one hand a broken marble pointing to the ruins of her art in heraic ages—the art which has conquered the world-and in the other the scepter of

new springing power.

Naples, as we approach to by steam-er from the south and round the point, rises up out of the sea as a charming. timid apparition shrinking away from Vesuvius, who holds a smoking brand me that he has learned casually that in one hand, shaking it over her head, and yet afraid to go in the other direc-tion, as he thrusts the other hand in legal profession, and he asks me to state, if I will, publicly, whether that his subterranean pocket, touching the secret springs that let off convulsions n Ischia and the regions beyond her. Rome, the attractive, the interesting, the historic, the hider and the revealer of the secrets of her mother, the "Mis-

tress of the World," sitting in a royal way on her seven hills-full as she is of art and history-is nothing else, in form, so much as she is a saint. She is the high priestess in her tent of the cities of the earth. Religion is scrolled upon her buildings, outside and inside, on her streets, on her calendar, on her garments, on her food and manners. I do not know how far this sainthood strikes in, or what it is worth. I speak only of color.

Florence, one of the Queens, reposes half-asleep, half-awake, in a beautiful cradle of the Apenines, dreaming over the splendors of the past, displaying still a matchless profusion of art treasures, and beguling those who come under the influence of her charms through labyrinths of plastic and paint-

ed beauty.

Venice, the daughter of commerce lay aside other matters and attend to him at once, if he wished. He said it sits with her feet in the Adriatic, snuffwould be a great accommodation if I ing the breezes of the sea, browned and would allow my other clients to accu weather-beaten, and her robes soiled. mulate in the hall for a few moments. as she toyed with the gondoliers and and in the meantime do the business that was on his mind. He had asked water sprites so long.

Paris, is the city of sentiment. Not Charlie Kitchen, at the Thorsburgh house, to give him the name of some

so much of the ideas or principles, or even prudence or policy, as sentiment, reigns. The inspiration of her patriot ism is the love of glory; of her letters and art, the desire to gratify artificial demands and tastes rather than to exalt humarity; of her efforts in dress and manners, to create and maintan bland, imperial goddess, Fashion, and compel others to worship at his shrine. Sentiment is the height and depth, length and breadth of the popular feelings. It is curious to note that paint-ers and sculptors in Paris do not rely upon the expression of soul, of character, in their works so much as on intrinsic circumstances, sensational attitudes, combinations, adjuncts. If you see a statue of Liberty on a column in a public square, she is represented as standing on trp-toe on one foot, throwing the other far up in the air 1 leaning far forward with a flaming torch in her hand, and her wings spread, as if eager to leave the spot and fly away to the ends of the earth while her whole thought is absorbed the figure, and you have no interest in the face. You see no character, no truth, no ideal. You have a sensational display. Yet Paris in her clean robes is attractive and beautiful bany Express.

The Same One. The father of a young amateur horse doctor, who was a clergyman in a New England town, had been made a present of a horse by his parish. The parent of a horse by me pared. The people son was greatly delighted. The people son was greatly delighted. had paid a good price for the and the old gentleman was anxious to have the judgment of his son on the animal. Taking him into the stable,he asked the youth to look him over, which he did carefully, shaking his head at every examination. At last he said:

"Father, the poor horse doesn't amount to much." "Why, my son, the horse is quite as good an animal as the one on which our Master rode when on earth.' As he said this the young man had just finished examining the horse's

mouth to determine his age. The old

man repeated his sentence: "Just as

same one!

good a horse as the one our Master rode into Jerusalem." "Father," said the youth, "it's the

French Wit. At dessert at the host's country seat Host-Now, there's a glass of wine l want your opinion on. It's of my own

growing. Guest-I thought I recognized it. Host-Ah, but how did you ever come to taste it before? Guest-On the salad a few minutes ago; you poured it out of the vinegar-

cruet. (A coolness springs up between them.) Touching inscription on a tombstone: "Here lies my mother-in-law. She

always desired my happiness. Her death proved this. French caricatures of the Chinese I. A soldier, with one arm blown away, to a Chinese who has lost both legs. "Lucky for us that our two na-

tions are not formally at war. If they

had been we might have got hurt." II. A Chinese General reports a great victory to the Emperor: we have pulverized these audacious barbarians—pulverized them so com-pletely that I am unable to lay the smallest mite of their remains at your Imperial Majesty's august feet.'

Discussing dentists: "I tell you he is the most expert man in the profes -you haven't time to how! before the tooth is out." "O, that's nothing to my dentist. He's quite as quick, and the operation

is so painless that everytime he pulls out a double tooth you have to thank him and cry 'Encore!' " What is your opinion, sir, about di-

"Madame I accept divorce as a necessary compromise, but I say without hesitation that for a really noble mind. a soul capable of delicate emotions, divorce can never hold a candle to widow-

Is anybody ever lost on this river?"?
"No mum, no; never. We allus pick
up the bodies after a day or two." They were discussing their natatorial capacity.

"O, boatman, is there any danger?

main under water twenty minutes at a "Only twenty minutes. Why, the

ide of Judea, is the sublime child of faith in the past, looking forward to the other day I stayed under water a whole hour. To be sure, it was because I fell Damascus is the fair maid issuing from the Abana or Baroda, mysteriously changing its musical waters into olive groves, tropical luxuriance and

"Swim? Dive? Why, I can re time.

into a doze and overslept myself, but still-" (The other liar faints.)-Paris Newspapers.